

PIA'S VIS

I want to let you know how difficult writing this victim impact statement has been for me. Every time I am asked to either explain, write and or describe details of the horrific sexual abuse I endured as a little girl, emotional hijacking sweeps over me and I seemly enter a trance of disassociation . My life as I would describe it, and others would probably agree with me, has been far from manageable. The unending pain and trauma completely engulf every part of my body. I was just a toddler, when one day, fate stamped itself upon me. Just a young child that had no choice but to solely entrust my life to the hands of an adult. An adult who was supposed to protect me from harm, teach me right from wrong and love me in such a manner that cultivated and enforced a future of what a healthy relationship was supposed to look like. In my preschool to kindergarten years , I was groomed to believe that sex or sexual actions between children and grownups was completely acceptable and normal. Some days, instead of watching cartoons, I would spend my time with a supposedly trusted adult who normalized child pornographic material. This normalization took place by subjecting me to possibly hundreds of child exploitation videos repeatedly at any opportune moment. With the help of various child sexual abuse material, I was conveniently raped by my abuser over and over again. Based on evidence collected by law enforcement it could possibly be determined that I was raped and sexually assaulted on a daily basis. I was between the ages of anywhere from three to six years old!!! Raped in such a way, that to me, it was a fun game. I was told never to tell anyone about our "fun" games or else the "fun" would have to stop. To keep me from telling anyone, my abuser warned me not to tell anyone because it was just our little secret. Quite often I was bribed with candy as well. When this initial abuser was caught, they admitted the abuse had spiraled out of control. They had become desensitized to child rape and child sexual abuse material themselves. They admitted they were always hungry for more.

Now let's fast forward a few years. I am older now and my understanding of what happened to me is greater than I wish I could remember. The extent of the damage that was done to me then and that continues now is incalculable. I have countless flashbacks that haunt me as I sleep. I am anxious and scared . I can't even leave the house alone. I am fearful of people. The abuse that happened to me is in hyperactive state and is known as one of the top downloaded series of child sexual abuse material that is circulating on the dark web. Child predators have saved and shared images and videos of my tiny body lying naked and contorted in provocative ways. My privates are no longer private. My smile, my laughter, and my innocence have all been taken from me. How I am portrayed in those pictures and videos is not how I want to be perceived. That little girl is dead. All you child molesters and pedophiles who took it upon yourself to download, view, save and share my inappropriate pedophilia merchandise have taken part in murdering me. Yes, murder. I call it murder because you blatantly premeditated your motive and actions against me. Therefore, you should be held accountable and take full moral responsibility. Because of people like you, I have secluded myself from enjoyment of a fulfilled life,

this is the only coping mechanism I believe that I have to protect myself. I feel that I am damaged beyond repair. I want the memories to vanish. Even when I'm truly dead the memories will still somewhere be in existence. The evolution of technology is my nemesis. I cannot escape the abuse, nor can the abuse escape me.

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